

THE LAST JOURNEY.
The little traveler set forth
With one last smile of sweet content.
There are no footprints south or north,
To show to us the way she went;
No tiny footprints in the snow,
No flower for token backward thrown,
"Sweetheart," we wept, "why must you
go?"
Smiling, she went her way, alone.
The little traveler went her way
And left us all who loved her so.
She journeyed forth at break of day—
A long, long way she had to go.
The stars were palling in the sky—
Their kind eyes must have seen her start.
"Come back to us, dear heart, dear heart!"
The little traveler's tiny feet
Have found a path that we must find.
She was so little and so sweet!
We cannot linger, left behind.
We stumble, seeking day by day,
O little traveler! Who will send
A guide to point us out the way
To find you at the journey's end?
—Francis Barine, in Youth's Companion.

The Wooing of Is'bel.

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

"ONE night there was a dance down to Angels," said the Old Settler, "an' Reub Bannerton, bein' kinder lonesome, c'ncluded he'd go. He was a mighty modest man, Reub was, an' he was sittin' by the wall, not calc'latin' to dance, when a girl he never saw walked up to him. She was a big girl with square shoulders, an' anybody could see she didn't need much male perfection. Reub looked at her an' then looked away, an' she says: "Hev the nex' waltz with me, pardner?"

"Reub was new in this country, then, an' didn't know much 'bout the ekality of the sexes. So he sorter shuffled his feet aroun' an' finly says:

"I'm mighty sorry, but I don't know how ter waltz, which was a lie due to his bashfulness, but Is'bel, which was her name, didn't know it then.

"Oh, come on," she says, "that needn't make no difference; I can swing you."

"So he went, an' if you'd seen the subsequent proceedin's you'd hev thought she could swing him. More'n half the time his feet never touched the floor, an' his face shone so with perspiration that it looked like one of these new-fangled indecent lights. But he kept thinkin', 'Waal, it'll be 'over pretty soon; I won't hev to stand it long.'"

"The waltz ended at last, an' Reub was wonderin' whether he orto thank her for the pleasure or she orto thank him, when she says:

"If it don't make no difference to you we'll go out on the verandy an' sit out the nex' dance. I'm tired."

"It did make a difference to him, for he was gittin' oneasy, but when he come to look at her he couldn't think of any way out of it, so he went.

"The first thing she did after they got on the verandy was to grab his hand. Reub tried to pull it away, but she grabbed it firm an' unyieldin' an' says in pleadin' tones:

"Oh, my b'loved one!"

"I ain't neither your b'loved one," says Reub, soothin'ly, but firmly. "I ain't never done nothin' to encourage these unman—unwomanly proceedin's of yours. I never saw you 'fore to-night."

"You are, too, my b'loved one. You may not know it, but you are my soul's 'finity that I've been waitin' fer, an' I felt it jus' as soon as I saw you. Oh, my 'dored one!"

"Waal, Reub sot there more'n fifteen minutes tryin' to convince her that he wan't her 'dored one, an' that prob'ly her soul's 'finity'd be 'long on the nex' emigrant train, but she only grabbed his hand tighter an' tried to pull his head onto her shoulder. He asked her to think how his mother would feel if she knew how he was bein' led on, but she still clung. She was lit hard, Is'bel was.

"Finly she let go of his hand to brush a fly off her ear, an' Reub run. Is'bel looked after him, sayin' so that Bill Hawkins heered it, 'He yit shall be mine, my b'loved one; he yit shall be mine!'"

"Nex' mornin' early Reub started out prospectin'. He said he felt zif he was a ha'nted man an' reckoned he'd better seek s'clusion.

"The second day he was out, 'bout evenin', he was sittin' by his cabin door when a horse an' his rider come aroun' the big rock by his cabin, an' a tender voice says:

"I have found you, oh, my b'loved!"

"Reub didn't look up, but he says:

"I ain't your b'loved, I tell you, an' you orto know it by this time."

"Reub says her voice was low an' ecstatic, though somewhat bass, as Is'bel's voice allers is, when she again says: 'I have found you, oh, my b'loved!' he kinder hesitated. Then he says:

"Waal, s'posin' you have found me, though I ain't any such thing, what do you propose to do about it?"

"Oh, the delicious bliss of this here moment when I again found my soul's 'finity!"

"You may have found your soul's 'finity, but it is due to you fer me to suggest that it has not found you, an'

I want to know what you propose to do 'bout it, as I said before."

"It does not matter; to be with you is enough."

"Waal, it does matter, too. I'm a lone an' lonely man, but if worse comes to worst I can perfect myself. You may be stronger'n me, but you can't lure me. What would the world say if it knew 'bout this?"

"I can trust my soul's companion."

"By this time Is'bel had dismounted, an', seizin' Reub's hand in her own, she says:

"I'm goin' to set right here till you promise to be my own."

"All I've got to say is that you've laid out a long program for yourself."

"They sot' there, an' sot. Is'bel 'peared to be c'ntented jus' to set an' hold his hand, an' Reub tried to whistle an' act zif he didn't know she was there. Every once in a while he'd try to pull his hand away, but she'd grip it the tighter, an' then he could hear her whisperin' low to herself, 'Oh, my b'loved!'"

"After a while the stars come out an' begun to play hide an' seek with them through the branches of the pines. It got chilly, too, an' once Reub suggested that he would git a blanket for Is'bel, calc'latin' that he could make a run for it if he could git a start, but she only says, 'Oh, my b'loved!' an' hung right onto his hand. She was hard hit, Is'bel was.

"'Bout dusk, too, the bullfrogs over by the spring struck up, an' as it grew darker an' darker they became more 'n' more interested in the couple. First a little fellow would chirp out an' say, 'What's he goin' to do 'bout it?' Then the little feller's ma would ask his pa, 'What's he goin' to do 'bout it?' an' his pa would c'nsider for a minute, give it up an' ask anybody that could answer. 'What's he goin' to do 'bout it?' Leas', that's the way Reub said it seemed to him.

"Then, long 'bout ten or 'leven o'clock a big gray owl come an' perched in the branches over their heads, an' pretty soon he got cur'us an' says 'Who-o-o?' an' Reub was so mad by that time that he answers right up. 'It's me, blame you! What you got to say about it?' But Is'bel only kinder sighed an' says, 'Oh, my b'loved!' She was hard hit, Is'bel was.

"It got to be midnight, an' still they sot there. Reub was most froze, but Is'bel didn't seem to mind it. 'Bout 2 o'clock, Reub says, he got sorter discouraged, bein' mos'ly an' icicle by that time, an' so he says to her:

"Waal, what do you want me to do?"

"Only to be my own, my 'dored one."

"Reub wan't quite broke down yit, so he says, 'Waal, I'm blamed if I will!' But after an hour or two more he got plum tired out an' made his last argument. 'I don't want to get married,' he says; 'I ain't got 'nough money to s'port a wife, anyway.'"

"You needn't worry 'bout that, b'loved. Only say you love me an' I'll s'port you."

"Reub see he didn't stan' no show; so he inquires, sullen like, 'Waal, where do you want to take me?'"

"To Parson Elder's an' git married to once, b'loved."

"All the way to the parson's—seven-teen miles it was—they walked, Is'bel leadin' the horse with one hand an' Reub with the other. She didn't take a single chance till after he'd admitted to the parson that he took her till death us do part an' all the res' of it. Then she heaved a sigh an' let go of his hand, tenderly sayin', 'My own b'loved!' She thought a consid'ble heap of Reuben, Is'bel did. Reckon I'd better meander."

The Old Settler "meandered," but at the door he paused for a final remark:

"I don't s'pose there's no happier couple in California than Mr. an' Mrs. Reuben Bannerton, or per'aps I orto say Mrs. an' Mr. Is'bel Bannerton. They've been married seventeen years, an' has five children, but she allers c'nside's Reub the first an' tenderes' of the lot. She's c'nside'ble fond of Reuben, Is'bel is." Then he "meandered."—New York Times.

Pointed Paragraphs.

No man is so wise that he can't learn from a fool.

Love is blind, especially the brand known as self-love.

But few men exhibit their bravery until after the danger is past.

Man is born with a character, but he has to make his own reputation.

Buy what you don't need and later on you will sell what you do need.

A lazy man is always anxious to get busy when there is nothing to do.

The truth would seem less brutal if people were acquainted with it.

It may be hard for some people to be poor, but for others it is the easiest thing in the world.—Chicago News.

Ways of the Editor in India.

This amusing excuse was given by the editor of an Indian vernacular paper, which was printed with two columns left blank on the most important page: "We had reserved this space for an exceptionally powerful article on a subject of universal interest to our readers; but at the last moment we find the article cannot be compressed into the two columns reserved for it. The article will make its appearance next week."

FOR THE FAIR

CARE OF THE NAILS.

Instead of scrubbing the nails with a brush to remove the dirt keep half a lemon on your washstand and dig your fingers in this after washing till all dirt is removed. This treatment also helps to make the nails of a good color.

DAINTY FACE MASKS.

The best veils are of fine mesh with chemise dots of various sizes thereon. The large disfiguring spots are seen no more. It was but a passing fancy bound to be of short duration. One was sure to get the veil on wrong and have a spot over one's eyes or nose. In veils, as in other things, the best fashions are never extremes.

FASHIONS IN UNDERWEAR.

Dainty underwear is absolutely essential to the woman of refinement. This does not necessarily mean costly French lingerie smothered in lace and displaying much fine and intricate handwork. Underwear may be dainty and yet inexpensive, but to have it so is a matter of good taste rather than the mere spending of money. Use good material, fine in texture, to begin with, even if this means that the garments can be but sparingly trimmed.

The fashions in underwear this season are designed along the line of comfort quite as much as beauty. The models invariably show the low neck and the elbow-sleeve, and voluminous fullness is everywhere omitted. The corset-cover, the skirt and even the chemise, are carefully fitted.—Woman's Home Companion.

WOMEN AS AGRICULTURISTS.

American women pride themselves on the advantages they possess in the multiplicity of business opportunities open to them; but, despite America's broadmindedness in this, Russia has had the courage to go a step further and establish an Agricultural High School for Women. Here opportunity will be given for general courses in agriculture or specialized training, as dairy farming, gardening, bee culture, poultry keeping, cattle and sheep raising, etc. The course of instruction will occupy three years, and an equivalent grammar school education will be required as an entrance qualification. The women who pass through the school successfully will be eligible for filling various posts under the Ministry of Agriculture, and will be further entitled to hold the positions of administrators of the Crown domain and of teachers in the intermediate agricultural schools.

DRESSMAKERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

There seems to be a rooted conviction among dressmakers that if a dress is sent home with even one basting-thread left in it by mistake it will surely be returned for alterations. In some establishments it is also believed that putting a black pin instead of a white one in a dress will surely cause its return. If the maker of a wedding dress pricks her finger, so as to draw blood while sewing on it, it is a bad omen for the bride.

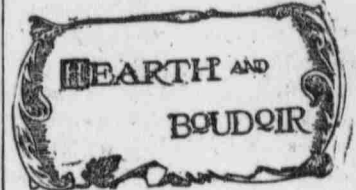
Such superstitions die hard and are akin to the saying that if the petticoat comes below the dress the wearer loves her father better than her mother, and if an undergarment is inadvertently put on wrong side out and worn so through the day it will bring good luck to the wearer. One may not really believe such things, but still their repetition keeps them alive and passes them on to the younger generation.—American Queen.

SOCIETY WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

I often think that the "society woman" is the strongest of all creatures God has made, writes Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Good Housekeeping. Her sister who tills the field, or rubs at the washboard, cannot compare with her in "tensile" strength. What is normal, muscular fatigue that a night's rest will cure, compared to endurance, that fine endurance that taxes the brain in all its subtle windings, the emotions in every tone of their gamut, and finally the body at every point where a rule of health may be defied? It would be interesting to know how a university crew or football team would look in the spring, after a winter of wearing heavy velvets and furs over chests and arms through the days, and gauze or bare neck and arms of evenings; of alternating between thick walking boots and satin slippers, of eating perhaps one rational meal a day, and for the rest "nibbling"—at fancy. Possibly they might harden themselves to every change of bodily temperature, but they would never, never rise superior to the pitfalls and consequences of a season of afternoon teas and receptions.

Nor in strictest reality do women—that is, "in the long run;" for at last the fine substance breaks, or at least

shows such wear that it needs all sorts of artificial props and embellishments to give it an "appearance." It is really a pity that women do not realize what a part in the loss of youthful looks the afternoon tea and reception menu plays. Of course the truly clever woman, or she who has learned the fine art of dining, evades those menus, with inconspicuous tact, and so does no damage to good looks or appetite by her afternoon dissipations.



Women are entrusted with the sole charge of many railway stations in Australia.

The new civil code drafted for Switzerland allows a woman to dispose as she pleases of the fruits of her work.

Miss Estelle Reed, Federal Superintendent of Indian schools, has probably the most important and highest salaried office of any woman in the employ of the Government.

Mme. Melba possesses a collection of pearls which she values so much that she has a private detective to accompany her constantly while she is wearing them and guard the precious gems.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, of St. Paul, is to make a life-size statue of Ezra Cornell for Cornell University, but she will accept no pay for it. Mrs. Hoxie is sculptor of the marble Lincoln now in the rotunda of the National Capitol.

At the annual meeting of the association for the promotion of the International Institute for Girls in Spain, held in Boston the other day, it was announced that \$18,000 of the \$60,000 for the purpose of erecting a new building has been contributed.

Hagerstown, Ind., has a cemetery entirely managed by women. Twelve years ago this cemetery was a weed patch, and was so neglected by the town as to be a disgrace to it. The women then took a hand, and by the aid of spades, hoes, scythes, axes and rakes have transformed it into a place of beauty, and that without the assistance of man.

Mme. Florence Rogers Hartwig, one of the ladies in waiting to the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Syfva), is a New Englander and was born in Vermont. When she was a child her parents moved to Germany and she was married in that country to Elias Hartwig. Business interests afterward caused the removal of Mme. Hartwig and her husband to Bucharest. Mme. Hartwig possesses a fine voice and she first attracted the attention of the Roumanian Queen by her singing.



Ornate jewelry is still in the lead.

Large barred effects are very smart. Deep antique lace is very smart on a white coat.

Maltese lace is one of the lovely and modish sorts.

Bell sleeves in coats may or may not have cuffs.

Fashes of black ribbon velvet are much in favor.

Pleats of all sizes vie with each other for supremacy.

The Greek stripe in colored fabrics is very modish.

Despite the alarmists the grape has not entirely disappeared.

In colored linen frocks many novel trimmings will be introduced.

Lily of the valley, flowers and foliage, forms one of the loveliest evening hats.

A pretty shirt waist is of white barred muslin with deep tucks in waist and sleeves.

Little wreaths of pink chiffon en applique adorn one of the newest and loveliest evening robes.

Smart little turnover collars are made of white linen embroidered with Japanese letters in black.

The garniture of artificial flowers on evening gowns was never more beautiful. There are passion flowers, violets, iris, heartsease and roses, and several tones of one flower are used on one dress.

Chiffon velvet is one of the new waist materials, and its general use in Paris certainly commends it here. The fabric resembles panne, and is said to be impossible of imitation in cheaper grades.

Skirts are growing wider and wider, and nearly all of them are pleated or shirred at the waist, but with the increase in width there is corresponding decrease of ornamentation. The newest models have no trimming on the skirts.

Cameos are coming into fashion again, and some fifty-year-old jewelry is being brought out. The most effective use to which some splendid old carvings are put is to set them in a ring of gold for the top of an umbrella handle.



PLANT GROWTH.

Rapid plant growth requires a condition of the soil that will furnish plant food as fast as the plants can take it up, or, in other words, when we desire to force a crop we must fill the soil with manure to such an extent as will furnish a continuous supply of material so thoroughly decomposed that the soil may be kept filled with atoms of plant food that have united with both air and water, and thus formed molecules that are ready to be absorbed by the plant foods as fast and as long as needed.

SOIL FOR THE RASPBERRY.

The raspberry prefers a rich soil, but will also thrive on the lightest soils. The space between the rows should be well cultivated and kept clean. A crop of cow peas may be grown late, after the berries are picked and the pea vines plowed under late in the season, followed by rye, which should be turned under in the spring. A dressing of air-slaked lime on the land, after plowing the pea vines under, will greatly benefit the soil. If raspberries are given good care they will pay as well as any of the small fruit crops.

THE PLUM ORCHARD.

In setting a plum orchard give a northerly exposure, if possible, and one of considerable elevation. A wind-break on the east is very desirable. Plant close together in the rows, ten to twelve feet, and twice the distance between rows, running rows north and south. Mix varieties in the row and keep the trees headed low. Cultivate to some hoed crop, or set small fruit between the row, and keep well cultivated. When in bearing thin the fruit and market in peck and half-bushel crates or baskets, handling carefully and packing before the fruit is too ripe.

PROPAGATING ROSES.

A simple mode of propagating roses is claimed to have special advantages. Good cuttings are placed in a bottle containing water, and this bottle is hung on the sunny side of a wall, and there left, additional water being supplied as it is evaporated. The water often becomes warm in the sunshine, and in a comparatively short time the cuttings form a callous, in less time, it is claimed, and more certainly, than in soil. They are then planted in pots in the ordinary way. Some good hybrid perpetuals on their own roots have been raised in this way. The experiment is very easily tried.

CULTIVATING FLOWERS.

If flowers are desired they require rich ground and plenty of good food. One of the best substances to use over the ground around rose bushes, dahlias, shrubs, honeysuckles, etc., is fine bone meal. It may be used liberally and chopped into the ground with a hoe. If the weather is very dry spread one or two old newspapers around the vines or bushes, to retain moisture, holding them in place with a few clods. When watering all such plants they will be benefited if a tablespoonful of ammonia water is added to every gallon of water used for sprinkling on the ground, but do not apply it to the leaves.

A SATISFACTORY ANNUAL.

The petunia is one of the most satisfactory annuals. For early flowering, the seed may be sown in shallow boxes in light, finely sifted soil. Cover lightly and place in a gentle heat under glass. Shade from bright sunshine and keep the soil moist until the seedlings appear. Transplant to other boxes and later to small pots and set in the ground in May or June. For a succession of plants, sow the seeds in a coldframe or in open ground in May. To secure the most satisfactory results the plants should be set in a light, loamy soil, moderately enriched with manure. A little bone flour and wood ashes will add greatly in bringing out the richness of color and wealth of bloom.

THE STRAWBERRY PATCH.

Every garden should have a strawberry patch, and also raspberry, blackberry and grape vines, as well as currant and gooseberry bushes. It is the variety in the garden that makes it so useful, and considering the vast amount that may be grown on a small area, provided it is made rich and well cultivated, it is the most profitable portion of the farm. Every corner should have a vine or bush, while the fences may be made to serve as shelters and supports. Be sure that all small fruits are so placed that they may secure plenty of sunlight and heat. Fruit trees, vines and bushes may be set out in the fall if mulched in the cold sections, but in the South no such protection is needed.